"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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CURRENT NOTES.

THE truest end of life is to know the life hat never ends.

HE who commits injustice is ever made ore wretched than he who suffers it.

I CARE not so much what I am with hers, as I respect what I am in myself.

MANY people are busy in the world thering together a handful of thorns to t upon.

ONE knows very well, that in reducing eas to practice, great latitude of tolera- on is needed.

IT should be necessary but to grow old order to become indulgent. We seldom e a fault committed that we have not mmitted ourselves.

ANXIETY is the poison of life; the parent many sins, and of more miseries. Why, hen, allow it, when we know that all the ature is guided by a Father's hand.

KIND words are the bright flowers of rthly existence; use them, and especi- ly around the fireside circle. They are wels beyond price, and powerful to heal e wounded heart and make the weighed own spirit glad.

CHRISTIAN faith is a grand cathedral, ith divinely pictured windows. Stand- g without, you see no glory nor can ossibly imagine any; standing within, very ray of light reveals a harmony of nspeakable splendours.

REGARD your good name as the richest wel you can possibly be possessed of. or credit is like fire; when once you have indled it, you may easily preserve it; but you once extinguish it, you will find it n arduous task to rekindle it again.

No telescope will enable us to see God. o finest microscope will make Him visible the act of working. No chemistry, no udy of physical forces, no search after e one primary force, can bring us a hand-breadth nearer God." Science in e abeyance of our spiritual powers, ttains not to God.

TIME cannot outlaw the rights of mankind.

KEEP aloof from sadness, for sadness is the sickness of the soul.

LABOUR of head, or labour of hand, is needful to health of mind and body.

THE rights of man are dear to God; they are the apple of the eye of God on earth.

PROSPERITY is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.

IF God has chosen your way depend upon it, it is the best way that could be chosen; it may be tedious, but it is safe.

GOD wishes to be served joyfully, and the glory of a good master is to find his servants continually happy and contented in his service.

WHEN doing what is right the heart is easy, and becomes better every day; but when practising deceit the mind labours, and every day gets worse.

FAITH may rise into miracles of might, as some few wise men have shown; faith may sink into credulities of weakness, as the mass of fools have witnessed.

THE infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable—not concealed, but incmoprehensible. It is a clear infinity—the darkness of the pure, unsearchable sea.

WORKS of love are more acceptable than lofty contemplation; art thou engaged in devoutest prayer, and God wills that thou go out and carry broth to a sick brother, thou shouldst do it with joy.

MINISTERS are not like Plato and Aristotle, the originators of their own doctrines, or the teachers of the doctrines of other men, but simply the dispensers of the truths which God has revealed.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations that he may rise, but shines at once, and is greeted by all; so neither wait thou for applause, and shouts, and eulogies, that thou mayst do well; but be a spontaneous benefactor, and thou shalt be beloved like the sun.

THE ONLY SON OF HIS MOTHER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Mrs. Adams.

"Elsie, I don't like the girl; I can't bear to see you keeping her company. A man can judge of these things better than a woman; be guided by me, dear, and give up Belle's acquaintance. She is one who will some day bring sorrow, perhaps shame, to those who have anything to do with her."

Elsie is Jack Redfern's promised wife. Jack is mate on board the Bonnie Jane, as fine a merchant vessel as may be seen in London docks; he is a tall, manly, young fellow. With all his heart and soul this young sailor loves Elsie May, but he would not let his love blind him to Elsie's faults and failings, or hold back words of faithful counsel when he saw that they were called for; and now he and Elsie are having their "first quarrel!"

She is at once angered and resolved. Jack is not behaving *in the least* like the lovers in those delightful romances; she *will not* be found fault with; least of all in the choice of her friends.

"You have no business to interfere with me in this way; I shall choose my friends for myself," she says indignantly, giving her head a toss.

"I can hardly have 'no business' with anything that concerns *you*, dear," begins Jack. But the girl will not listen.

"I will not be interfered with," she reiterates; "Belle is *my* friend, not yours."

"And when we are man and wife are we to have separate friends *then?*"

"I don't know, I don't know that *then* will ever come."

She doesn't mean it; in her heart of hearts she loves this fine, young, manly lover of hers most utterly and entirely; she would fly out at any one who dared to say a word against him in her presence. She and Jack's mother are wont to compare notes as to his many delightful qualities of mind and person; they strive to outdo each other in eulogising the mate of the Bonnie Jane; but Elsie has forgotten all this just now.

"Belle Davis loves all things that true woman should hate."

Here Jack pulls up sharp. He fin himself about to finish a strongl worded quotation, and wisdom counse silence.

"I—will—not—give—Belle—up she says, letting each word drop slow from lips that are white with passion.

"Elsie"—and now Jack's voice fa ters like a woman's, for he loves th wayward lassie with every fibre of h heart—"Elsie, I am looking hour hour for orders to join my ship. O voyage this time will be a long on summer will pass away, and autun too, before you and I meet again; *do* let me go in anger, dear; say that y believe I have but spoken as I have honest faith."

But Elsie will not speak.

"Oh, my darling!" cries the man last, maddened by her silence; "do deny me one gentle and forgivi word; I might have to go *to-nig* Elsie, I cannot unsay what I have sa about—Belle—but, dear, forgive me I have wounded you."

Still Elsie is silent; and he cann see her face, for she keeps it turn away from him. Suddenly there is sound of footsteps on the steps.

It is Mr. May, Elsie's father, comi up from the shop below, for t shutters are put up, and the l assistant has taken his departure.

"Elsie," says Jack, "haven't you word for me?"

But it is too late now; Mr. May in the room, and his wife has hurri from the upper regions to inquire if is ready for supper.

"Won't you stay, my lad?" he sa heartily, as Jack bids a hasty go night all round. But Jack mutt some excuse, and in another mom Elsie sees him pass along the str below in the direction of his own ho

The girl chatters away all sup time, and hums a tune as she goes to her little room an hour later.

Then she lies down, all dressed as is, and falls into a passion of weepin

The night is half past by the ti she rises, cold and miserable and da with a dull, aching pain in her he She takes off her clothes in the da

ness, and creeps into bed. But when she is at last asleep, a soft smile rests upon her lips, for she has made a resolve that holds healing balm even in thought.

And so, as soon as the household work is seen to in the morning, she sets off to Mrs. Redfern's.

The girl soon reaches Randolph-street, where the widow, Mrs. Redfern, owns a small, yet comfortable house, lives in the lower rooms with her daughter Lizzie, and lets the upper ones to great advantage.

Elsie knocks, and Lizzie comes in answer to her summons.

The child's eyes are red and heavy.

"Is Jack in?" says Elsie, faintly, feeling as if each word would choke her. "I want to see him very much—"

"*Jack is gone*," says Mrs. Redfern. "He found his orders waiting for him when he came home last night. The Bonnie Jane sailed with the early tide this morning."

* * * *

It is four months now since the Bonnie Jane sailed out with the early tide.

Mrs. Redfern comes of "Scotch folk," and consequently there is an element of *dourness* in her nature, that leads her to condemn uncompromisingly what she disapproves of, and forbids rather than invites confidence or the expression of regret.

The widow loves her son with a passion of tenderness that is all the stronger for being little given to outward demonstration, and resents a wrong done to him with like intensity and silence. Her boy's troubled face as he read the few lines that summoned him to join his ship—the few bitter words that dropped from his lips in the hurry and excitement of the moment—could not be forgotten; and so it came about that now-a-days Elsie rarely took her way to the little home in Randolph-street.

* * * *

One evening, Jonathan May, busy in the shop below, hears a heavy fall, and, dropping the ledger that he holds, he rushes up the narrow stairs, only to find the parlour apparently empty.

Stay, though; there is something lying on the floor crumpled up between the window and the huge lumbering sofa, that is the pride of Mrs. May's heart; and with a shout of "Mother, mother!" that rings through the house and brings his wife flying up from the kitchen, he bends over poor, stricken Elsie, lifts her in his strong arms, and lays her tenderly upon the couch.

The dead, white face, lying back upon the pillow, seems awfully like death to poor Jonathan, and almost paralyses him with fear; but Mrs. May is more self-possessed, and it is she who first notices that the girl's right hand is clenched upon a newspaper, which Belle, all unconscious of its fatal import, has left upon the table.

Jonathan takes hand and paper too into his loving hold, and tenderly loosens the convulsive grasp of the poor, cold fingers. As he does so he sees that Elsie is recovering consciousness again, and he watches her in an agony of fear and love as she covers her eyes with her clasped hands.

Yes; it is all over.

Of what avail now is penitence, or sorrow, or even love itself? Jack will never come again, the Bonnie Jane is wrecked, and "all hands lost."

Suddenly a change comes over Elsie; with a fixed look in her eyes, she moves towards the door.

"Where is she going, mother? where is the child going?" says Jonathan, trembling, and, man like, appealing to the wife in his perplexity.

"I am going *to Jack's mother*," says Elsie; but the voice in which she speaks does not sound like Elsie's voice.

And they let her go.

The mother wraps a shawl about the girl's shoulders; she smooths the ruffled hair, and ties the bonnet over it, half blinded by tears all the while, yet helpful, as all true women should be in the day when help is needed; and then Jonathan walks by his daughter's side in silence to the door of the house in Randolph-street.

It is open—a rare piece of carelessness on the part of a careful housekeeper like Mrs. Redfern, for the parlour is empty, and no light burns there. So Elsie makes her way to the back bedroom door, and softly pushes it open.

Then she stands a moment, held back

and awed by the sight within. A letter —blue enveloped and official looking— lies open on the floor, and the light of a solitary candle falls upon an awful figure by the bed; not lying cold and still upon it—that would be nothing in comparison—no; the bereaved mother has fallen on her knees at the bed side; she clutches the quilt convulsively with her outstretched hands. Her face, white and drawn, is uplifted to Heaven, and, in a voice of agonising supplication, she is praying to the God who "holds the waters in the hollow of His hand" not to forsake her in the hour of her need, not to let her faith fail under the burden laid upon her soul!

"Mother, mother!" cried Elsie, flinging herself down by the widow's side, and casting her arms about the kneeling figure, "pray for me—for me, too! My sorrow is more bitter than yours; for you never wronged him—and I did! I let him go—oh, my poor darling!—I let him go without a word!"

Then Jonathan stole home through the dark streets, leaving those two together; and never more, in all the days and weeks that followed, was Elsie ever absent a whole day from the widowed and bereaved mother. Sorrow drew the two women very closely together, and not a thought of her heart did Elsie now keep from Jack's mother. Through the discipline of pain the wilful, wayward girl grew all at once into a thoughtful, saddened woman, full of gentle, loving words, and tender helpfulness for others.

But Jonathan May "refused to be comforted." The putting out the light of that hearty young life—the lad whom he loved as his own son—the failure of all his hopes and plans for "the lass" —these things weighed on the good man's mind night and day. He could not bear to let his thoughts rest upon that "Merry Christmas" they were to have had when Jack came home; and when the turkeys, plump and fat, began to appear in the poulterers' shops, he turned away, and couldn't look at one of them.

For now Christmas-tide drew on apace, and the tradesmen set forth their choicest wares to tempt people to buy Christmas presents for their friend and relatives; and Jonathan felt quit lonely and desolate amongst the genera festivity. When it chanced that he me Elsie going softly about the house i her black dress, with a pale, patien face and sad, sweet eyes, he woul plunge into the shop and hide his fac over the big ledger, taking the pen i his hand as though absorbed in abstrus calculation of debit and credit; but h never turned a leaf, and the pen had n ink in it.

* * * *

Christmas Eve came at last; and rea good, old-fashioned Christmas weathe came with it, whitening the world lik a big bride-cake baked in honour o Old Father Christmas.

Every one is getting ready to wis everybody else "a Merry Christmas; but in the little parlour of the house i Randolph-street there is no Christma merry-making. Not a spray of ever green decorates the room where thre sad and sorrowing women are gatherin together for that evening offering o prayer, that nightly reading of th Word, which with Mrs. Redfern is th habit of a lifetime.

The big Bible lies on the table; th two girls, in their sombre dresses, si side by side, and before the open boo is the widow.

How changed—how pitiful in it quiet sadness!—is the fine-feature face that the hand of sorrow ha chiselled to such worn proportions How weariness and resignation mee in the sound of the voice that has lo all its energy and strength! She coul be *dour* to no one now—she has grow very tender, very pitiful to others i this the day of her desolation.

As she gives out the chapter an verse, and the girls find it in their ow Bibles, a troubled look comes acro Elsie's face, and looking up, she mee Lizzie's eyes, full of apprehension.

But it is too late now. The story Nain's sorrowing widow is entere upon; and though Elsie grows deadl pale, she dare not utter a word.

Lizzie, less brave, is shaken wit nervous dread, and looking up she not that by some strange oversight th blind has been left only half lowere

rurely, too, she sees a figure linger pposite the window. But no, she ooks again and it is gone. What onder either, that of all the passers- y in that busy street, one should stop nd bend down in idle curiosity to the ncovered pane? And now all Lizzie's ttention is absorbed in listening to the ew-strained voice in which her mother reading the old, old story of the dear ord's pity for human love and pain:

"Now, when he came nigh to the ate of the city, behold, there was a ead man carried out; the only son his mother; and—she—was—a idow."

The words came very slowly now, nd here and there the reader pauses or a moment, as though to recover reath.

Lizzie's head droops low, and one sob ill not be suppressed; but Elsie either sobs, nor yet does her dark ead droop, but her great sad eyes look ar away, as if they rested on some earsome picture, and saw a strong oung life battling with the seething aters, a dead white face floating on ne crested waves, and looking up with aring, sightless eyes to the sky, where ere and there a rift in the curtain of loud lets the faint, soft star-shine lter through.

There has been a stir and movement n the narrow passage for some moments ack. One of the up-stairs lodgers has et himself in with his key; and a econd figure has followed quickly hrough the open door, and now stands y that other door from whence a shaft f light falls across the entry.

Now all is quiet, and Mrs. Redfern eads on:

"And when the Lord saw her, he— ad—compassion on her—"

The door was pushed softly, very oftly, open, as the words fell from lips ow growing white as death, and as if ttracted by some strange magnetic ower, she raised her eyes from the ook, repeating those last few words, gain, and speaking as one who dreams —"*He—had—compassion—on—her.*"

Then the low utterance is prolonged nto a cry of wonder and of love, and a apture that is almost pain. "My oy! my boy!" And Jack—Jack, the son "who had been lost and was found"—who "had been dead, and was alive again"—sprang forward and fell at his mother's knee, straining her to his breast, and looking up into her face with eyes that scarce could see for tears.

* * * * *

How shall I tell the rest of the story of that Christmas Eve? How shall I find words to paint aright the cry of gladness that broke from Elsie's lips as she clung about Jack's neck? or chronicle the kisses that he showered upon her upturned face? It is cheery though to think of Jonathan May coming round to Randolph-street about eleven o'clock to fetch his daughter home, and having the door opened to him by Jack; cheering to think of him almost falling down in the passage, and having to be slapped on the back, and supported into the parlour, and there being so overcome with gladness and surprise that he had to hold Jack at arm's length and stare at him for five minutes at a time.

Cheering to think of all that happy party closing in around the fire that blazed, and sent endless sparks up the chimney, and in fact, did all it possibly could to show its sympathy in their joy—and, then and there, listening to the story of Jack's wonderful escape from the wreck of the Bonnie Jane.

ONLY A BOY.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief, and wit and glee,
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as—ah! ah, me!
'Tis hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, but must be led;
Who troubles the neighbours' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes and spoils more hats,
Loses more tops and kites and bats,
Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild strange ways,
With his idle hours on busy days;
With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant for one of his size,
As a meteor hurl'd
From the pleasant world.

Only a boy, who will be a man,
If Nature goes on with her first great plan—
If water, or fire, or some fatal snare
Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy,
"Only a boy."

THE MOON.

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up her wondrous tale."

And a wondrous tale indeed has this beautiful and beneficent luminary to us—not alone the story of her birth, sublime as that is—but of herself, in constant periodic revolution, now the silver bow of Diana, now in full orbed splendour walking in brightness through the heavens, now rising behind the trees "like a lamp of gold," now reigning in unsullied lustre as queen of the night amongst the multitude of stars, the smallest of which really far exceeds her in size and light—but all of them, from their inconceivable distances, looking but as her humble attendants. Then we have the moon in eclipse, a terrible portent to the ignorant and superstitious—presaging to the nations of old the direst calamities. Happily such darkness has been rolled away from our eyes. But viewed under any of her phases she has been from the earliest ages an object of the most solicitous attention, and as the sun marks the changes of the whole year as well as those of day and night, so the moon gives us the Saxon *moneth*, from whence the word *month*, the time she takes in travelling round the earth—twenty-nine and a quarter days, or a little more than four weeks.

The moon would seem to be the peculiar property of the poets, furnishing them with some of their choicest imagery. From Homer downwards they have delighted in her praise. Shakespeare, whom nothing escaped, makes Lorenzo exclaim:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank?
Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears."

Milton also, in the person of the elder brother of his Comus, beautifully says:

"Unmuffle ye faint stars: and thou fair moon.
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit chaos, that reigns here."

And again, in a passage of the utmost grandeur he describes the moon as—

"Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

But thus to quote even from our choicest writers alone, would be an interminable task. Scott's exquisite lines on Melrose Abbey are well known and appreciated,

"If thou wouldst view Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon light."

But his prose allusion to the progress of the moon through the skies is not so generally remembered, though it is quite as beautiful as anything in his poetry, or in that of any other writer: "There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination in contemplating the Queen of Night, when she is *wading*, as the expression is, among the vapours which she has not power to expel, and which, on their side, are unable entirely to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient virtue, calmly pursuing her path through good report and bad report, having that excellence in herself which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world by suffering, by misfortune, by calumny." The moon is thus lovely in all her appearances to us of this earth, and it may be especially so in the time of harvest, when for nights together she shows her full disc, and sheds such a bright and welcome light over field, and hill, and valley, the ripe corn of Hampshire, the richly coloured hops of Kent. Thomson calls on the surrounding trees, and fruit, and grass to—

"Breathe their full song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon."

Astronomers, ever busy with their

telescopes, have made many discoveries in the moon. They have found several volcanoes, to which distinctive names have been given. These volcanoes have immense craters. A new crater has just been seen by an eminent man of science in Germany. He tells us that it is three miles in width, whilst he is sure it is of very recent formation. These high mountains, some yet in a state of eruption, others apparently extinct, form the most noticeable features of the moon's surface, for all seems there to be in a state of chaos—where desolation reigns supreme. The moon has no discoverable atmosphere, consequently the rays of light are neither reflected nor refracted: insufferable brightness at one spot, the thickest darkness all around, with no water or dews. If there be life in the moon its conditions must be exceedingly dissimilar to those on this earth of ours, for neither man nor beast as constituted here could exist for one moment there. The days there are more than one of our fortnights long, the nights of course of equal duration, and all this in constant succession. Then again the several temperatures of the planet are opposite in the highest degree. When it is day the heat at its intensest is above that of boiling water, and during the long night the cold is quite as destructive to life as we find it, "compared with which the bitterest weather ever experienced by arctic voyagers would be oppressively hot," so that between the extremes of heat and cold the thermometer would range five hundred degrees, more than eighty above the boiling point to two hundred and fifty below zero. As a matter of course God can suit all this to beings he may please to form, but such beings must exist under widely different conditions from our own.

Still the moon is to us a very interesting subject of knowledge, as well as of speculation. The moon is the principal agent in the motions of the tides, the weather being much influenced thereby, though that its changes depend on the quarterings of the moon is only a popular delusion. It may be added that though of much less size than the earth, the moon is yet a very large globe. Its whole surface is computed to be about the dimensions of the Americas—North and South, and to cover this surface with black velvet (a strange idea for a philosopher to indulge) Professor Tyndall says that 14,600,000 square miles of the material would be needed. It is 240,000 miles distant from the earth, and were it possible to travel thither from here, the journey, at the rate of 1000 miles a day, would take between eight and nine months.

It is a question more curious than useful, yet it may be put. Is this fine planet in extreme old age, crumbling to pieces, fast hastening to decay? Or is it as yet in an embryo state, preparing by degrees for something better, higher, nobler, for that which we now see on our own? It may be the one or the other, but whatever the fact really is, we feel sure that the moon, the earth, the solar system, the far larger system of the universe, all of these come from His hands, who numbers the hosts of heaven, and who calls the stars by their names—all are yet upheld and governed by Him, all are the ceaseless objects of his care and tender mercies, and all tend to his glory.

"But we lose ourselves in Him, in light ineffable,
Come then expressive silence! muse his praise."

Little Things.—Great men have ever distinguished themselves in their faithfulness to what is called little things. The celebrated Napier left a distinguished company one day, in great haste, as he had promised the previous day to meet a poor child and make her a present of a shilling. The following is told of William Cullen Bryant, since his death, by a former associate in his newspaper office, and illustrates the man's simplicity of heart: "One morning, many years ago, after reaching his office and trying in vain to begin work, he turned to me and said: "I can't get along this morning." "Why not," I asked. "Oh," he replied, "I have done wrong. When on my way here, a little boy, flying a kite, passed me. The string of the kite having rubbed against my face, I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his kite. But I did not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong. I ought to have paid him!"

WHO IS THE SAVAGE?

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

THE above is the title of a letter from Miss Florence Nightingale, in "Social Notes," which is startling as a picture of what is going on around us while we are talking of education and priding ourselves on civilisation. The social condition of a country is fairly tested by its education, and especially by that of its women, whose condition, good or bad, affects every social question through direct home control, and through subtle influence that no legislation can affect.

Let us read Miss Nightingale's words:—

A vast town of some hundreds of thousands of people—a splendid river, immense docks, fleets of merchant vessels to and from all parts of the world, rich "argosies" steaming to and fro, representing almost every port on the globe: this city lies like a colossal industrious spider in the heart of a web of railroads. Plenty of work, plenty of wealth, art, enterprise, patriotic monuments, merchant princes devoted to the good of their native place, a metropolis of trade and commerce: this is a true picture of that vast city.

Now, with the eyes of a nurse by the bedside of many among the "masses" in that great city, this will be a true picture of their condition: wages nearly as much *per day* as are earned per week in some of the southern agricultural counties of England—ten shillings a day not an uncommon rate for unskilled labour. This is squandered in drink, as much by the women as by the men. One woman said, what being translated, means, "She thought no more of her money than of a 'flea in a churchyard.'"

The first day that these people who are earning say their ten shillings a day are out of work they are absolutely bare; they beg of what we may call the district visitors and nurses—beg to pawn.

If a mutton-chop, say worth sevenpence, is supplied by the nurse, unless she sees the patient eat it, it will be trucked by the family for a pennyworth of drink.

A doctor prescribes stimulant for a child, the mother takes it herself as a matter of course.

A doctor says to the lady nurse of his patients, "Oh, don't wash them; feed them up; you can wash them when they're dead."

Bedclothes lent, even when stamped right across, are pawned at once for drink.

This with people in receipt of a yearly income equal to a Government clerk's in London, or that of many curates.

A woman dying of consumption was found by the nurses literally with nothing in the house—no food, no fire no bed. They made her comfortable; and coming back at night unexpectedly with supplies, found her provided with everything, lamp and all, "everything beautiful," sitting up nicely dressed by a good fire.

In the lodging-houses of people in good work you may find all ages, both sexes—boys, men, girls, women, and children—lying perfectly naked in the same bed or on the same straw, with nothing over them but their own day clothes.

It is impossible to tell details without a strong feeling of sickness. We spare the reader.

How can the women, even when not drunk, attend to their homes? They are degenerating, deteriorating—body, mind, and heart—under drink or the reaction of drink. There are but two conditions under which they can do nothing—when they are drunk, and when they are not drunk. And these two conditions make up their whole lives.

Unmarried mothers with babies lie about on the floor—"they did not wish to be married." There are, indeed, here whole classes of different stages of fallen women, or rather, as was once too sadly said, "these women cannot be called 'fallen women,' for they have never stood, they have never been *not* fallen, they have never known a state to fall from." How should they!

Street brawls are of course the rule of life, and not the exception. The "corner-men," that is, the men standing at the corners of streets waiting for

a fresh job, are hardly safe for any woman or child to pass. ("Oh, these are the scalp wounds," would be said by the infirmary doctor of a large class of his patients, street-brawlers, in a similar town.) A gentleman, a magistrate, passing by saw one of these men strike first his wife and then his baby in her arms. He, the magistrate, instantly defended the weaker party with force and a stick. He was thrown down, the woman, the mob, and the policeman all siding against him, and he scarcely escaped with his life.

The son of one of these men killed his father at home; the son of another his mother, both murderer and murdered being drunk; and in one case the son, the murderer, perfectly indifferent after it.

"Yet these are the same flesh and blood as we are," was the agonised cry of the nurse.

How to help them one does not know. These people are not wholly illiterate; their language is often good, sometimes even elegant.

But not only do they pawn all they have, and all that is given them, not only do they run tick for all but drink, I was about to say, but this cannot be said; they do pay ready money—they pay it to have something to pawn beforehand, generally for drink. They have a frugal foresight for nothing but pawning; they have actually invented a new method of pawning; thus, they will buy say an article of clothing, paying for it at the rate of one shilling a week, giving twenty shillings for what would cost ten shillings, and then pawn it beforehand for half the cost.

Where is this town?

Is it in some gold diggings? in some half-settled state of the New World? or on some African or eastern or South Sea coast, where the most demoralised of European or Levantine adventurers or slave stealers meet with the lowest forms of savages and fetish worshippers? Is it there? Is it an old convict settlement on ticket-of-leave?

Does it belong to some past age—the invasion of Attila? The Spaniard in South America? some past age of lust and brutal savagery?

This town is in England.

The time is the present.

It is in order-loving, Christian England; the only country untouched by revolution and riot; the home of family ties, the home of a boasted free civilisation.

And this is civilisation—Christian, settled progress, and civilisation.

If this is to be civilised we could almost wish to be uncivilised.

If this is civilisation, what are we to say of the Hindoo—the frugal, laborious, sober, poor Hindoo, who supports his whole family on ten shillings a month, who never begs, and who never has "parish relief," for there is no poor-law, no union for his "superfluous relatives" who live with him? Must we speak of him as belonging to a higher civilisation?

Loathsome details I am not here to enter into about such dwellers of this town, for the object is not to disgust, but to ask what is to be done.

1. Can a lesson be taken of Octavia Hill in London and others as regards improved dwellings, taking blocks of the present poor dwellings, letting them out, and collecting the rents, and improving the dwellings and the dwellers by degrees?

2. Can coffee public-houses be extended so as to make them in time as plentiful as gin-palaces? As plentiful did I say?—rather to make the coffee-palace cut out the gin-palace. Can the coffee public-house always supply meals both to men and women, and cooking for those who bring their own food, dining-rooms, reading-rooms, newspapers, and games with no temptation to gambling, as has been so successfully done elsewhere?

Can decent lodgings for single men be added to the coffee-tavern?

Also a coffee-room for women?

3. Can co-operative stores be multiplied? Co-operative stores begun, as once was done, by a counter displaying side by side a large heap of, say, sugar or tea, "This is what you buy with ready money;" a small heap, "This is all you have for the same money if you run tick." And so with other articles; the large heap and the small heap, side by side, speaking to the eye—the large loaf and the small loaf.

The co-operative store followed, where the child may put his penny into a bank and receive 5 per cent.

Now, in shops of the vast town we speak of, by the small heap sold to the runners on tick should appear the much smaller heap sold to the ingenious person who tries to get the very least for her money instead of the most—to be pawned before it is paid for, supposing it to be at the same shop—thus getting the twice reduced quantity on the reduced quantity. But show her the twice *increased* quantity, and even she must mend her ways.

4. Can some system be extended, as that described in "Work in Brighton," for bringing the poor vicious women out to "Homes," instead of waiting for them to bring themselves?

Indeed, the nurse here does the "Work in Brighton" herself. "These poor women are closed to Scripture-readers, closed to Bible-women, closed to ministers of every denomination—not closed to us alone," said a lady nurse.

Instead of the pawnbroker's, to set up the co-operative store; instead of the gin-palace, the coffee public-house; instead of the filthy, indecent den, the improved dwelling; and, if possible, to rescue some of these poor victims of vice, mere girls as they too often are.

Are not such the ways to help these, our own poor flesh and blood?

FOUR RAYS FROM CHRIST.

(1) Christ is the light of the world, because he brings God very near, and makes him very real to man, and He is therefore needed to counteract those influences which make God very far off.

(2) Christ confirms man's confidence in man's power to know the truth. With the caution and docility and self-distrust which He teaches, He couples the quality of clear and tenacious conviction.

(3) Christ asserts for man his true dignity and rightful place in the universe of matter and spirit; and thus makes against the new philosophy which regards man as simply the product of nature, and obeying the workings of the elements from which he springs.

(4) Christ is the light of human culture, in that He both stimulates and refines it.

ARTHUR'S BEST LESSON.

A True Story.

I knew Arthur when he was a very little boy, and some day, when I tell you more anecdotes about him, I may let you see him as he was when he toddled along in a little short frock, which he wore until he astonished mamma one day by ripping off the skirt and coming down stairs in the body only, declaring he was going to have a jacket, and not be dressed in a frock like his sister.

But at the time of my present story he was about twelve years old; he had one very dear sister, Agnes, about three years older than himself, to whom he used to confide all his school troubles and triumphs, for I must tell you he was then only a day boarder.

This sister often helped him, as well as she could, when he was tired over his lessons, and would look out his Latin words, or hear his tasks, or do anything she thought could be of assistance to him. Arthur was nearly or quite the head boy of his Latin class; indeed, if I remember rightly, he obtained the prize at the end of that year. Well, the custom of the class, which was a large one of twenty or twenty-five boys, was that some boy was called upon by the master to translate a passage of Latin—the task set for the day.

If he made any mistake one of the boys below him gave the correct word and passed up above him, the boy continuing to lose as many places as he made mistakes.

Then the boy next below him had to commence construing the next passage, and so on till it passed to the bottom boy, and after him it would be the turn of the top boy to commence.

A great many boys, and among them my young friend Arthur, discovered that if the bottom boy was construing, and they were top of the class, and did not happen to know well the next passage, it was a very clever trick not to correct the mistake of the bottom boy, but to let some other boy below them correct the first mistake of the bottom boy and get up top, and then he would have to translate instead of

m, and most likely would make
ne slight slip, when they could regain
t top place, and very probably would
l be called upon.

Now, several times Arthur had per-
med this trick, and had remained
boy at the end of the day; but on
occasion he mentioned the matter
his sister Agnes, and her fine sense
honour perceived at once that it was
ishonest dodge, and she told Arthur
thought it mean and quite un-
rthy of him; adding, moreover, that
was in fact a lie, as when the ques-
n was passed up from the bottom to
top, if he did not answer it, in
ect he said he did not know, which
s not the truth.

Arthur was at first very angry with
sister for taking him so severely to
k, and adduced the usual schoolboy's
ason, "Oh, all the fellows do it;"
t, after considering the matter for
o or three days, he began to think
s sister was right after all, and that
was mean and cowardly and un-
thful, and he made a solemn reso-
tion that never, under any circum-
ances, would he again try that trick.

I don't think he was much tempted
r nearly a month, when one day, I
n't know for what reason, he had not
rnt quite all the lesson, and at the
d there was a particularly difficult
ssage, at least Arthur thought it so.
ell, on that particular day he was top
the class, and the bottom boy was
nstruing, and he knew that if he
rrected the bottom boy's first mis-
ke he should remain top and have to
nstrue the dreadful passage, of which
hardly knew a word, and he felt
re he should get into great disgrace,
d besides all this it only wanted ten
inutes to the closing of the school.
he lost his place there would scarcely
any chance of his regaining it that
y. All this passed rapidly through
s mind, and he was in a terrible
ght, but somehow he was still more
raid of breaking his solemn promise
himself, and he resolved, come what
ght, he would stick to his word and
t swerve a hair's breadth. He did
rrect the bottom boy's mistake; he
l have to translate that dreaded
ssage; and, in his fright, I think he
made more mistakes than he need have done; so he got to the very bottom of the class of twenty-four boys, and the master was very, very angry with him; and, after threatening him with all kinds of punishment, ended by declaring he should have the disgrace of remaining bottom and being recorded as the twenty-fourth boy.

Arthur was very much hurt at this, for he had never been the bottom boy before, but I think even then he did not regret that he had kept faithful to his resolution. Strange to say—and remember this is an absolutely true story—a very uncommon and difficult question arose, the top boy could not answer it, and it passed down, down all the class to Arthur, who, though still in great grief and fear, managed to answer it with exceeding correctness. In the ordinary course of things Arthur would have at once regained the top place, but the master was still too angry with him to permit this, yet so far relented as to allow him to take up half the class, and be recorded as the twelfth boy instead of the twenty-fourth, as he had threatened.

I know Arthur went home radiant to his sister, and I know she threw her arms round his neck, and said that now she believed he would grow up to be a noble man; and, if I was asked very particularly, I should not like to declare that she did not indulge in the truly feminine luxury of a good cry for joy.

This was the turning point of Arthur's life; he had to choose in a moment between his duty and his great fear; and I have often heard him say he thanked God that he had been able to choose the right course on that day, and that he believed that, having once won the victory, he had never again been so severely tempted.

"HABIT" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit," you must throw it off altogether.

SOME VERY COLD WINTERS.

We observe that some of the papers which profess to have weather prophets foretell that the coming winter will be a very severe one. If this should prove true, we hope all who can will do their very best to lessen the suffering and to save the lives of the very poor. Many, many indeed, through the bad trade of the country, are sure to have little food, poor clothing, and a great want of fire. Well may we pray "God help the poor," if the winter should prove severe. But God has also commanded us to be co-workers with Him in everything that is good, and the necessities of the poor are the opportunities of the rich for obeying God.

There have been very severe winters in which all classes have suffered. We may be thankful that there are great intervals of time between these severe winters. We have no reason to suppose that such seasons may not revisit us. Some one has sought out in history the dates of winters which have caused great suffering throughout Europe.

In the year 401 it is said the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763 not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of Dardanelles were frozen over; the snow in some places rose 50ft. high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe, the Danube, the Elbe, &c., were frozen so hard as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen. In 991 everything was frozen, the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1607 most of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1134 the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine sacks were burst, and the trees split by the action of the frost with immense noise. In 1236 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316 the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6s. the quarter, rose to £2. In 1308 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished in the fields. The successive winters of 1432-3-4 were uncommonly severe. In 163 the wine distributed to the soldiers wa cut with hatchets. In 1683 it was ex cessively cold. Most of the hollie were killed. Coaches drove along th Thames, the ice of which was 11in thick. In 1709 occurred a col winter; the frost penetrated the earth three yards into the ground. In 171 booths were erected on the Thames In 1744 and 1745 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, wa covered in less than fifteen minute with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winter were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

Since 1814 there have been some very long and cold winters, but the above are the most severe on record.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Though angry roar,
Outside the door,
The blasts of wintry weather,
Inside the light
Is warm and bright,
The while we sing together.

Though field and wood,
That lately stood
In all their summer glory,
Are dead and drear,—
We hold it dear,
This time of sacred story.

On meadow brown
The snow comes down
In wintry drifts and shallows;
But all the more
We bless and store
Of mirth that Christmas hallows.

The garden dead,
Lies in its bed;
But children are the flowers
Of garden room
Within the home,
That blooms in Christmas hours.

The songs they sing,
The hymns they bring,
Of gladness, where they gather,
From childhood's mouth
Come like the south
Warm wind in winter weather.

With carols come!
No voice be dumb!
Loud rise the acclamations:
'Tis Jesus' birth,
And round the earth
Roll birth-songs of the nations.

J. V. Blake.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It was a tiny, sweet-faced five-year-l girl who gave it, and it was one of e Christmas Eves far away in the l, dim past years; just like your own, the merry Christmas Days and es of long ago were as fresh and autiful then as now, and the dear, l story of the birthday of the blessed be of Bethlehem, just as sweet and nderful.

The Christmas Eve I speak of was isp and sparkling; the sky was as ue and the stars as bright and young on that first morning when they all sang together for joy."

We hurried through the clear air the church, where the children were ready singing and speaking of the ne who "is the bright and morning ar." As we entered, a tiny girl came yly out from the host of little ones, d taking her place just in front, e gave her sweet Christmas hymn. he words and the tune have faded way in the long, long years since en, but the chorus, the refrain that nished each verse, will never pass out f my heart till it ceases to beat.

The shrinking, timid little figure, e downcast eyes, and the tiny, folded ands, are like a fair picture, hanging n memory's walls, and the sweet, ird-like notes floating softly away in he silence, these sing in my heart till:—

If you love me, show it—show it,
If you love me, show it, now.

When the next Christmas had come, he winter's snow had folded the grave f the little one in its pure, white antle; she gave us her sweet gift of ong and went to join the undying horus of those with the golden harps. Vas it not a tender counsel she left s? When "God so loved the world" hat He gave to it that most precious Christmas gift of the pure and perfect Christ-child, did He not show it?

When Christ began his works of ove and "went about doing good," iving sight to the blind, unsealing he deaf ear, healing the broken-earted, and restoring life to the dead, id he not "show it?" When he ielded his life for us on the despised ross, between two thieves, did he not "show it," in that final crowning proof of his great, compassionate wondrous love for our sin-stained world?

And notice, dear children, one other little word of the story, "If you love me, show it now." We have but one brief life, and of that only the single passing moment is our own to use. The unkind word, the bitter answer, the cruel taunt we gave yesterday, or but an hour ago, we can never, never recall; no matter how sorely our hearts may ache with sorrow because of it. A Spanish proverb says, "A word once spoken, has us."

When the little singer passed away, those who loved her and had always "shown it," possessed tender, healing memories as a balm to their grief. We are never certain of the future moments, the present may be our last, then let us "show it" to those we love "now." I once saw a son stand by the coffin of a dear father, who had died suddenly during the boy's absence from home. He had loved his father, but, alas! he had not "shown it" always during his life; and such bitter, agonising, unavailing grief and repentance as his, may I never witness again. Children, you all love your father, mother, sister, brother, teacher, and playmate, ah! "show it, show it now." Even if death spare them, changes will come, and your only time is now—to-day. Show it by sweet smiles, and "little deeds of kindness, little words of love," and lay up for that unknown future, when you may no longer be able to "show it."

Even to your dumb, speechless playmates—your dog, your pussy, your bird, who can never complain of neglect or cruelty—show to them your loving kindness. Said a little sobbing boy to his mother one day, when his black "doggie" lay dead in the garden, "Oh, mamma, I was often cross to poor Rob—once when I was angry I kicked him real hard." And this was the real heart-break of the little fellow; he could bear the death of his pet, but the remembrance of his own unkindness caused the bitter tears. He loved "poor Rob," but he had not always "shown it." And yet one more; a

little flaxen-haired girl hid her tearful face in her mother's breast when her "birdie" died, and refused to be comforted by all the mother's tenderest consolation. When she could speak, her burden was, "Oh dear! oh dear! so often I didn't give him fresh seed and water because it made me late to school."

Dear children, let us see to it that we never lay up for ourselves sadder, deeper regrets than these, for the want of showing our love to the dear ones whom God has given us, and in this way showing also want of love to Him.

It is more than a score of years since the angel child sang her sweet Christmas lesson into my heart, and her gift has made my whole life better and happier.

Very often my own children have heard the story of the little singer, but they do not know how often her "show it, show it," has sent me to their little beds at night to say a few loving words and give the good-night kiss, when my own heart was heavy and aching with an anxious load of care, and I might, but for her song, have failed to do it. Nor yet how often the same refrain, "show it, show it," has sung in my heart and painted a bright smile on my face for their morning greeting—when my own morning was clouded with sadness.

Children—her Christmas gift that I have kept for more than twenty long years, let me this year give to you. She was one of God's "ministering spirits" to me. Let her sing now to you, Love, Love, the sweetest thing in this sad world of ours; "show it, show it," to all who walk with you, or cross your path in life, and by so doing show your love to the great Giver and Fountain of all love.

SALUTING IN THIBET.

The customs of different countries are so widely different, that what is considered rudeness in one is politeness in another. This is strikingly seen in the mode of salutation in Thibet. There, when one gentleman meets another, and wishes to be polite to him, he not only takes off his hat, but sticks out his tongue and scratches his righ ear. Such a salute among us would b sure to cause mortal offence, and wou be likely to suggest another kind licking. But the people of Thibet a decidedly queer. Their lamas, priests, are their doctors: and when the have not the drug they want at han they write the name of it on a piece paper, and give it to the patient t swallow. They say it does as well, an in the case of some drugs this is quit possible. They also pray with a ma chine. A prayer is written on cylinder, and every time this is turne the prayer is supposed to be uttere After the barrel has been turned rapidl for a while, it will go round of itself and thus a man may go on with hi devotions while he is busy about some thing else. Another way of multiply ing devotions, is for a man to make th circuit of a temple, carrying a load prayer-books. He imagines that h thus repeats all the prayers in the boo at once.

BIRTH OF CHRIST IN THE SOUL.

A CHRISTMAS ADMONITION.

King Herod asked of the magian or wise men of the East, "where Chri should be born!" What was it to *hi* where? He had no portion in the peac and good-will that had just been a nounced by angels of light. His crow and sceptre were all that he thought securing; he cared nothing for th coming kingdom of God. . . . . Th Christian world has just been askin the same question — "where Chri should be born?" What is it to *the* where? Of what consequence are th place, and the manner, and the attendin circumstances of that event, compare with the dispensation of eternal trut and righteousness which it brought in The oracles may be dark that announce it. The traditions may be faint tha describe it. Let them be so if the will. But a divine influence has go forth from them that is no long dependent upon them; and it chief concerns Christians to gather this in their minds and confirm it there as the own.

What is it to *us* where Christ should be born?" "The kingdom of heaven is within." It is there or it is nowhere. There must its prophets speak, and its prince be brought into life. There must its angels sing, and its forerunner baptise, and its spirit be shed down, and its power and glory come. What is it to you or to me that Christ was born eighteen hundred years ago in Bethlehem of Judea, or that he was born on earth at all, if he is not born also in the "holy land" of our own affections and convictions—in a believing heart? . . . The Christ that was after the flesh and under the law has passed away, as it was appointed of him. He has now become a doctrine, and a principle, and an immortal truth. He is but another name for divine instruction. He is one with the knowledge and reliance that he has communicated to the soul. No more submitted to the mutability of earthly things, he is, as a sacred writer has expressed it, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Let not this view seem mystical to any. It is that of the New Testament; and so far from being abstrusely speculative, it is the only one that is practical. The Apostle Paul has expressed the same in the plainest language, when he declares to his converts at Galatia his painful solicitude that Christ might be *formed* in them. . . . Their own nature was to be the spot where Christ should be born.

We want an abiding conviction of the great principles which he lived and died to establish—whether we associate them with one or another set of speculations or observances. We want a confidence in that paternal character and providence of God which he revealed, and in those invisible realities which his gospel has embodied. . . . . Till such a faith begins to grow in the mind of a man, he may call the Master of Christians his also, when and as he will; he may hang up at his windows all the evergreens of the faded year; he may celebrate with all the ceremonies that men have ever invented the advent of the incarnate word, but the first principle of religious persuasion is wanting. There has been no Bethlehem for him; the place is yet empty "where Christ should be born."

Christ must be born in righteousness and obedience. . . . Well doing! There is the fruit and test of all. If Christ is to be created in the heart, he is to be manifested in the life. If he is not produced without, he has not been formed within. Integrity, faithfulness —these must be the evidences to others and to ourselves that our religion is a living thing. These alone can save us from the danger of finding at last that what we thought and what we desired, what we heard and what we professed, were alike vain.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

THE oak is a strong and stalwart tree
And it lifts its branches up,
And catches the dew right gallantly
In many a dainty cup.
And the world is brighter, and better made
Because of the woodman's stroke,
Descending in sun, or falling in shade,
On the sturdy form of the oak.
But stronger, I ween, in apparel green,
And trappings so fair to see;
With its precious freight, for small and great,
Is the beautiful Christmas tree.

The elm is a kind and goodly tree,
With its branches bending low:
The heart is glad when its form we see,
As we list to the river's flow.
Ay! the heart is glad, and the pulses bound,
And joy illumines the face,
Whenever a goodly elm is found,
Because of its beauty and grace.
But kinder, I ween, more goodly in mien,
With branches more drooping and free,
The tints of whose leaves, fidelity weaves,
Is the beautiful Christmas tree.

The maple is supple, and lithe, and strong,
And claimeth our love anew,
When the days are listless, and quiet, and long,
And the world is fair to view,
And later, as beauties and graces unfold,
A monarch right regally drest,
With streamers aflame, and pennons of gold,
It seemeth of all the best,
More lissome, I ween, the brightness and sheen,
And the colouring sunny and free,
And the banners soft, that are held aloft,
By the beautiful Christmas tree.

"THE CHRISTIAN LIFE" NEWSPAPER.

The Editor asks the kind interest of the readers of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN *for a large increase in the circulation of* THE CHRISTIAN LIFE, *a Unitarian Journal and Family Newspaper, in* 1879. *The Christmas Number of* 1878, 16 *pp., will be specially interesting. The price of this paper is* 2*d. weekly, or* 2½*d. post free.*

Address—R. SPEARS, 19, *Mornington Road, Bow Road, London, E.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A PRISONER'S CHOICE. — A prisoner, when asked what trade he would like to learn, said: "If there be no objection, I would like to be a sailor."

THE DIFFERENCE.—Talleyrand remarked one evening at Holland House that Cardinal Mazarin "deceived, but did not lie," whereas M. de Metternich, he added, "always lied, but never deceived."

TEACHING POLITENESS.—"My son," said Mr. X. kindly to his youthful heir, "accustom yourself to be polite to the porter, the servant girl, the coachman, to all the servants; thus you will come in time to all people, even your parents."

JUDAS AND HIS SILVER.—If Judas has thirty pieces of silver and Jesus has not one, it does not follow that Judas is the richer. All that is really worth most to a man is within reach of the poor as well as the rich, which ought to be a consoling theme in hard times.

A GRAVE QUESTION SETTLED BY A WITTY SENTENCE. — At one time, more than a half-century ago, a question arose as to a fence around an old graveyard. The controversy ran high among the towns people, notwithstanding it was so *grave* a subject, and the more they talked, the farther away they were from a decision. One wanted a tall fence, six feet high, to keep out intruders; another thought a low one would answer the same purpose; a third advocated a stone wall, and a fourth expressed himself to the effect that a pretty rail fence was all that was necessary. Thus party spirit ran high. At this juncture up spoke one, and in his convincing way delivered himself thus:—'To my mind, and I have given the subject some thought during this animated discussion, it makes little difference what kind of a fence we put around the graveyard; for those that are inside can't get out if they want to, and those that are outside don't seem to have any great desire to get in?' Lo, the thing was settled in a twinkling, and the same unpretending stone wall that was placed round it then is round it still.

REMEDY FOR EARACHE.—The *Journal of Health* gives the following: There is scarcely any ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and difficult to cure as the earache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton wool, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip in sweet oil, and insert into the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

THE PROFITS OF WAR.—The *Sunday at Home*, recently contained a description of Highgate Cemetery, in which is the following piece of information relative to the enormous profits realised by contractors for the army and navy in time of war, at the expense of the country. There is not very much of the "pomp of heraldry" conspicuous, the proportion of titled persons not being large; but here and there we come upon some names of this world's great and rich:—"William Mellish, of Woodford, Essex, left property of about three millions sterling, acquired as contractor for provisioning the navy during the great war. He was buried at Wapping, but at the closing of the vaults under the church, the remains were removed to Highgate, and a memorial erected by his daughter, the Countess of Glengall. Another daughter married Lord Edward Thynne, a son of the Marquis of Bath, and brother of the Duchess of Buccleuch."

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